Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy ſonnes do bid thee flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife,
That neuer ſlept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy ſleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, deſpaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet ſoule, ſleepe thou a quiet ſleepe,
Dreame of ſucceſſe and happy victorie,
Thy aduerſaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Buckingham.

The firſt was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The laſt was I that felt thy tyrrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltineſſe:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting deſpaire, deſpairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not diſmaid,
God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* ſide,
And *Richard* fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard ſtarteth out of a dreame.

K. Ric. Giue me another horſe, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie Ieſu: ſoft I did but dreame.
O coward conſcience, how doeſt thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh,
What doe I feare my ſelfe? theres none elſe by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I:
Is there a murtherer heere? No. Yes I am,
Then flie, what'from my ſelfe? great reaſon why,
Leſt I reuenge. What? my ſelfe vpon my ſelfe?
Alacke I loue my ſelfe, wherfore? for any good
That my ſelfe haue done vnto my ſelfe:

O no: alas I rather hate my ſelfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my ſelfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Foole of thy ſelfe ſpeake well, foole doe not flatter,
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſeuerall tongues,
And euery tongue brings in a ſeuerall tale.
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periurie, in the higheſt degree,
Murder, ſterne murder, in the dyreſt degree,
All ſeuerall ſinnes, all vſde in each degree,
Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
I ſhall deſpaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no ſoule ſhall pittie me:
And wherfore ſhould they? ſince that I my ſelfe,
Find in my ſelfe, no pitty to my ſelfe.
Me thought the ſoules of all that I murthered
Came all to my tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I: the early village cocke,
Hath twiſe done ſalutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.
King. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dream'd a fearefull dreame,
What think'ſt thou, will our friends proue all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O *Ratcliffe* I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of ſhadowes.
King. By the Apoſtle *Paul*, ſhadowes to night
Haue ſtrooke more terror to the ſoue of *Richard*,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſouldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by ſhallow *Richmond*.
Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the eweſe-dropper,
To heare if any meane to ſhrinke from me. *Exe*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond*.